

"S'Matter, Pop?"

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By C. M. Payne.

**You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor**

By Andre Dupont

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"A WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY."

"I REALLY think I must be moulting," said the Average Girl. "You know the way the feathers come out of our canopy in the spring? Well, my hair is falling even more rapidly. I've got almost enough now to stuff a mattress."

"That'll be an economy, anyway," said the Woman of Thirty. "Oh, so it won't," said the Girl, "for I will have to buy a blond wig, which costs twice as much; besides being very warming in hot weather."

"Before that calamity happens," said the Woman, "don't you think that it would be as well to try to keep the few remaining locks of your crowning glory firmly planted on your head?"

"I've tried everything—massage and about ten different kinds of tonics, and even the mind cure—and the hair only falls the faster."

"Did you ever try cleanliness?" said the Woman.

The Girl flushed an angry red.

"I guess I'm just as clean as you are. I'm always going to a hairdresser and having my hair shampooed."

"I didn't mean that at all. Probably you have your hair shampooed much too often. But, if you'll pardon my saying so, it doesn't look as if you kept it clean every day."

The Girl looked puzzled and but little mollified by the explanation.

When you take your hair down at night," continued the Woman, "do you

thoroughly to remove the dust which has accumulated in it during the

day? Or do you take all the flying dirt of the New York streets to bed with you?

"No, no, no," said the Girl, "before you retire, comb your hair, brush it

lightly and then take a cloth and rub off your brush. You will be amazed

at amount of dirt that is on the cloth. Remember, that was all on your hair."

"That sounds reasonable," said the Girl. "And it is rather a horrid idea to

lot of dust and dirt to clean sheets and pillow."

"I were you," said the Woman, "I would give my hair a hundred strokes

the brush every night—not too hard ones, for your hair is in very bad

condition and you don't want to brush it all out of your head—and then I should

part the hair here and there and put some tonic on a bit of absorbent cotton

and sponge it onto the scalp. Then I should rub the scalp with the finger tips,

pressing them hard and at the same time bending the knuckles. This last is

only a sort of scalp massage, and you say you've tried it. But perhaps you

didn't do it quite right."

"Sounds as if I didn't," said the Girl. "Is that all I'm to do?"

"Why don't you try giving your hair? The most skillful hair specialists declare

that nothing is quite so beneficial for falling hair."

"What do you take me for?" said the Girl. "I'm an average girl with

stuffy tresses and a possible face and figure, not a stick proposition with clea-

reous hair."

"If you follow my directions carefully, your hair won't look greasy, and it

you possess you will have thick hair before you know it. Buy 5 cents' worth

of castor oil and 10 cents' worth of bay

rum. Put them in a bottle and shake them

thoroughly. Pour a drop or two of

this mixture into a butter dish and

then part the hair in front and, dipping

just the tip of the fingers in the oil,

rub the parting the whole length. The

roots will be oiled and not the hair.

Shine all over the scalp."

"That sounds like a long process," began the Girl.

"It isn't," interrupted the Woman. "It's more quickly done than said. And

if by any chance you should get a little too much oil on your hair you can take

it off and make the locks light and fluffy and sweet smelling by sprinkling them

with powdered orris and then brushing them out thoroughly."

REMOVING THE DUST.

Make other partings and do the same

thing all over the scalp.

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if by any chance you should get a little too much oil on your hair you can take

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Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers**"Naming the Day."**

WHO shall name the wedding day?

In prehistoric times, when all weddings were

elopements, it was the cave-man who set that im-

portant date. But civilization has given the privilege,

among many others, to the weaker sex. Presumably the

change came about when the necessity of a trousseau was

discovered.

It seems to me that the fair way for the modern man

and woman is to compromise on the date of the wedding

and all the other arrangements. Of course you know the

story of the young wife who wished to spend the honey-

moon in Paris, while her husband preferred London. "We

compromised on Paris," the wife smilingly declared after-

ward.

I am not proposing that sort of a compromise. What I

suggest is that the young man and woman frankly talk

over the various arrangements, find out where their opinions conflict, and then,

literally, "split the difference."

The Form of Congratulation.

"R. R." writes: "My girl friend has

just announced her engagement. Ought

I to congratulate both her and her

father when we meet?"

In such a case one congratulates the

gentleman and wishes the lady happi-

ness.

"M. E." writes: "I am going around

with a young lady, but her parents say

we are too young. However, we are

simply good friends and not thinking

of marriage. What do you advise?"

I am afraid you will have to give up

and—no young lady is her parents

Them Was the Happy Days

(Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By 'Dwig

**"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"**What's the Use of Being Blue?
By Clarence L. Cullen.

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If you Win today without Extending your- self you're Liable to Loaf—and Lose—to-morrow!

An Adjustment beats an Annualment forty ways!

We'd call our Packer winnings "Un-earned Increment!" if we ever had Any!

Whenever a n-body "Lets us In on the Ground Floor!" we have to crawl

Out through the Coal Chute!

Whenever we Feel Inclined to call our Rival a Boneheaded Buttnick our Sub-conscience informs us that he has Put one Over on Us!

The Beauty about not using a Pass to See the Game is that you feel Perfectly Free to Bowl Out the Management!

The First Symptom of Bluntpitis is Haring upon what we Used to Be!

We've first Got to Learn how to Take a Licking before we can Dish Them Out!

The Cozy Corner is the Casket of Ambition!

The Kicker is All Right so long as he doesn't Specialise with that stuff!

We Spend a Lot of Time in Envy-ing that might be well used in Energizing!

The man who Whimps that he Can't Seem to Get Ahead "Somehow" knows the "somehow" of It All Right!

The Man who "Has to Have" a Few Drinks before Breakfast can Tell you the Difference between a Loafing Liver and a Rousing One!

The Kind of Charity that "Begins at Home" generally Ends There!

It's Odd how many Favors are offered us when we Absolutely Don't need Any!

There's no Going Back of the Returns on our Record!

Whenever we catch ourselves Pro-

How to Know When You Are at the Pole.

THE question arises in the mind of every one who is not an expert in using measuring instruments: "How do the explorers know when they are standing on the rotating point of the world?"

Perhaps there is a queer sensation when one is standing on the exact spot, but then no one has located either pole with such exactness. One can, however, discover one's nearness to this interesting point by several methods, says the Sphero, from which the accompanying diagram is reproduced. First, one can measure the height of the sun above the horizon. When one

twenty-four hours. It does not perceptibly rise or fall during the day. It just goes right round at a certain height, which varies according to the season.

You measure the sun's height above the horizon. If, at noon, at midnight and so forth. The angle you obtain is the angle which you should obtain for your supposed position. To make sure, you remain there two or three days so that error of measurement can be corrected. Also you can measure your shadow or the shadow of a pole during the whole twenty-four hours. If the length of this shadow varies by even an inch or so, you are not at the Pole.

It must describe a perfect circle about the centre. The most exact measurements are

made by the long gleaming robes of shimmering satin. They are always worn, these and garments of gayety. Their fashions never change. They never go out of style. They never become faded nor torn nor faded. They do not lose their lines nor their style nor their colors. On the contrary, the oftener they are worn the better they fit, and the longer they are worn the better their lines and the more brilliant their colors.

And among the long gleaming robes of shimmering satin, the gay cloaks and the jaunty capes, "Everywoman" has many smaller garments, many tiny masks. There is a careful little smile, neither too warm nor too cold, which must be hastily donned instead of that poor little high adorning in the corner. Here is a look of friendly interest to be quickly slipped on instead of that jealous little frown sulking in the back of the closet. Here is a gay little laugh, another bit of jealousy's armor, which must be hastily adjusted instead of that white-stricken look of agony.

There they hang, radiant robes, glittering cloaks, tiny gay masks, all ready for use. And "Everywoman" knows just where to put her hand on the garment she needs, to it on, and turn to her world, easily, prettily, defiant.

Now that I must listen to the story at the other woman, I thrust my hand quickly in the closet (for no woman dare look long on those perfumed masks), and seizing a look of intense interest, adjusted it hastily and prepared to listen to the Story of the Girl Who Was Never on Time.

Upon one of the beasts they were putting up a mahmal, a canopy used to protect women from the sun while riding. One Arab, taller, more robust than the others, moved hither and

is standing on the Pole the sun circles obtained by theodolites, sextants are round the observer during the whole not so accurate.

(To Be Continued.)

Interviews With Cupid

By Barbara Blair.

Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Bulldog."

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XV.—PRIDE'S RAIMENT.

I, indeed, it be the finer form of the Jester, in which poor, sensitive Failure, weary-eyed, tired-souled, laughs that none may know she cries.

There is the gay tinsel cloak of light Mockery, in which Loneliness dances and sings; her tiny glittering feet as light as her poor little heart is heavy.

There is the rough, carelessly worn coat of indifference, with turned-up collar and pockets bulging from down-thrust fists, in which Poverty swaggers.

There is the poppy-flower gown of gleaming satin, in which Jealousy decks her beauty to laugh and flirt before her world; and so gayly she laughs and so lightly she flirts—poor, proud, impotent, suffering Jealousy—that none guess the bitter, aching heart pulsing under those brilliant, shimmering folds of poppy-flower satin.

"Everywoman" hangs many garments in Pride's closet. They are always worn, these and garments of gayety. Their fashions never change. They never go out of style. They never become faded nor torn nor faded. They do not lose their lines nor their style nor their colors. On the contrary, the oftener they are worn the better they fit, and the longer they are worn the better their lines and the more brilliant their colors.

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(To Be Continued.)

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY AND THE SAHARA

BY HAROLD M'GRATH

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CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

The Caravan in the Desert.

Dawn, dawn; if only the horizon

would brighten up a little, the

sun would be a welcome sight. The

beings of the caravan, however, were

at least fifteen or twenty miles from Cairo; but in

what direction?

Four or five hours went by; over this

huge gray roll of sand, down into that

cup-like valley; soundless save when

the camels protested or his stirrup

clinked against a buckle; all with the

sombre aspect of a scene from Dante.

Several black spots, moving in circles

far above, once attracted George; and

he knew them to be kites, which will

follow a caravan into the desert even

as a hawk will follow a white out to sea.

There is a torpid indifference took pos-

session of him, and the sense of path

grew less under the encroaching num-

bness.

And when at last the splendor of the

dawn upon the desert flashed like

sword-blades along the sky in the east,

grew and widened, George comprehended

one thing clearly, that they were in

the Arabian desert, out of the main

traded paths, in the middle of no-

out.

This sense of beauty did not respond to

the marvel of the transformation. The

dark gray of the sandhills that became

violet at their bases, to fade away up-

ward in little pinpoints of shimmering

gold; the drab, formless, scattered

boulders, now assuming clear-cut

shapes, transfused with ruby and sap-

phire glowing; the sun itself that sear-

edly shone out of the morning circle

only above the stepping-off place—George

but noted not. The physical picture was

overwhelmed by the one he drew in

his mind; the good ship *Ludwig*, desert-

ing her way out into the sea from the

rim when the leading camel was balked.

A confusion ensued, the camels follow-

ing stupidly into one another in a kind

of panic. Out of the silence came a

bitter, aching heart pulsing under those

brilliant, shimmering folds of poppy-

flower satin.

George, as his camel knelt, slid off

involuntarily, and lay there, without

any distinct sense of what was going

on around him. The sand, fine and mu-

table, formed a couch comfortingly under

his aching body, and he fell asleep, ex-

hausted. Already the impalpable dust,

which had risen and followed the carav-

an all through the night, had pow-

dered about him, and he felt sleep, ex-

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